


BEUTAL REPOSITORY



"Prompt to improve and to invite,
"We blend instruction with delight."

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No. 23.

POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE CRAFTSMAN.

First Prize Tale—By Willis Gaylord.

WAKONDA,

A TALE OF THE FRONTIERS.

(Concluded.)

In the morning, the remains of the unfortunate Marie, were carefully collected and committed to the earth; and then Wilson and Barry set off for the 'river,' to ascertain how things were situated there, intending to return before night. As the evening came on, the villagers anxious for intelligence, collected as usual at Van Houten's; and while waiting for Wilson, the burning of Lilliard's house was made one of the topics of discussion. The act was justified by Upson, who entered largely 'into the merits of the case;' and condemned by Derrick, for the simple reason, that the husband of such a woman could not be so bad a man as to deserve such a punishment.

'The evil one is always nearest, when we are talking about him,' said Wemple in a suppressed voice, pointing at the same time up the valley, where sure enough, at a little distance from the group, stood Lilliard, still as a statue; his arms folded on his bosom, but his countenance, imperfectly seen as it was in the deepening gloom, plainly indicated the agitation of his mind. No sooner did Corey catch a glimpse of him, than turning pale, he skulked into the rear of the company, where he stood trembling in the consciousness of guilt.

'I see it is too true' said Lilliard in a determined tone. 'I was in hopes my information was incorrect; I was in hopes that no one who had pretensions to the name of man would have been guilty of ruining those who had never injured him, of destroying the innocent. I was mistaken—the murderer of Marie is before me, deliver him to me, and justice shall be satisfied;—blood must have blood.'

There was a silence of a moment, as if all hesitated what to reply. At last the habitual audacity of Upson came to his relief, and he answered; 'You have brought your charges, but where is your proof? It is the glorious privilege of the English law, as my lord Coke says, that every man shall be tried by his peers. Besides we have reasonable doubts, whether you are a proper person to accuse a christian, and a whig.'

'I have no time to waste in altercation,' said Lilliard impatiently; 'surrender Corey into my hands and you remain undisturbed; refuse and the blood of the innocent shall be required at your hands.'

'Monsieur Lilliard, or whatever wise your name may be, you must be sensible, that these threats expose you to what we gentlemen of the law term the *lex talionis*; and I think we should do well in taking you into custody.'

Here was a slight movement among the villagers as if to carry Upson's advice into effect, but he moved not: 'Let any one of you that dares, lay his hand upon me; I make you my last offer; give up the murderer to his just punishment, and justice shall be satisfied,—if not, vengeance, deep, and certain, shall overtake him and you.' He stood for a minute as if waiting a reply, then repeating the words 'vengeance, remember;—' turned on his heel, and disappeared up the valley.

'We have seen the last of that crazy fool, I trust,' said Upson.

'God grant it may be so,' echoed Derrick, as he shook his head doubtfully.

'In my opinion it would be a wise plan to send a bullet after that frog-eating fellow, I don't half like his threats,' said Wemple, as Wilson and Barry came up.

'And who is it ye are after shooting there my honeys?—if you wan't to shoot, down to the river and try your rifle on the red coats,' said Barry, who caught the last words of Wemple as he came up.

The conversation now turned into another channel, and after detailing the destruction of

Esopus and learning with surprise the re-appearance of Lilliard, Wilson returned to his house. The threats of Lilliard, and the belief that he was able to carry them into execution, for some time after he retired to rest, prevented his sleeping. The pile of glowing embers on the hearth shot up occasional flashes of light which showed in bold relief numerous large buck horns fastened to the walls, on the spreading prongs of two of which, his trusty rifle was suspended; and also disclosed by fits, the few articles of furniture around the room. Tired at last with watching the fleeting shadows, and with useless conjectures; with his wife sleeping by his side, he composed himself to sleep. He had scarcely closed his eyes, when he suddenly felt a light hand laid on his shoulder, and his name pronounced in a whisper. Starting, he saw the figure of a person near the bed, and a second glance showed that it was an Indian.—He was holding out a paper in his right hand, while in his left, Wilson saw the glittering edge of a tomahawk. 'Be silent and fear nothing; the least noise, and you die,' said he in tolerable English. Wilson crept from the bed, took the paper, and saw it was the writing of Lilliard. 'Obey and confide in the bearer of this, and you are safe;' was all that was written.

'Call up your family, silently and quickly, we have not an instant to lose,' said the Indian.

Wilson obeyed, and all three were quickly dressed. 'Now follow me,' continued the Indian, at the same time taking down Wilson's rifle and giving it to him. 'Whither?' asked Wilson, who saw in the countenance of his wife a reluctance to leave the house. 'Ask me not, but on the word of a red man which never yet was broken, you shall not be hurt.'

The Indian now cautiously opened the door, and followed by Wilson, his wife and son, passed silently and rapidly up the valley, towards the mountains. After they were clear of the settlement, the guide relaxed his pace a little, and about a mile and a half from the village, made a pause of a few moments as if to allow Mrs. Wilson time to rest. Suddenly the Indian gave a startling yell, which echoed from the mountains, and was answered with a long shrill scream, as if from beasts of prey. 'Ugh,' exclaimed the guide, and the party proceeded. At the distance of four miles from the settlement, the foot-path which had followed the windings of the stream diverged from it, and at a little distance emerged from the thick pine forests through which it had led, near the top of the mountain, on a wide platform of naked rock. It was a spot which Wilson remembered well, for from it on his return from his hunting excursions he had often gazed on the secluded hamlet of Wakonda and his quiet home, of both of which there was a perfect view. 'We will wait here a little,' said the guide as he seated himself on a mossy rock, while Wilson instinctively led his wife near the verge of the precipice, to the

place he had before occupied as a look-out station. The night was still and beautiful in the extreme. The moon was shining in all its splendour, and the silver light lay in drifts on the dark green tops of the thick pines in the valley below them. Farther down all became indistinct in the shadowy light, and the dark rounded tops of the mountains, as they rose against the sky, were alone distinctly defined. As Wilson, more with the wish to divert the anxiety of his wife than of any other reason, was attempting to point out to her the locality of the spot they had left; a bright flame shot up, and then another, and another. No sooner did the flames appear, which Wilson knew in a moment sprung from the village of Wakonda, than a shout, or rather yell of triumph, arose near them, and springing to his feet he saw their guide surrounded with five or six other savages, making the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. In a moment he approached Wilson.

'Let those who burned the wife of the red man's friend, now laugh at his vengeance!' said the chief.

'Wakonda then is destroyed?'

'You see the flames.'

'And the inhabitants?'

'They must do as Lilliard was compelled to do—take to the woods,' was the reply; and Wilson turned from the sight in sadness.

'We must go a little further before we stop for the night,' said the guide; and to the surprise of Wilson he led forward a horse, on which by his directions Mrs. Wilson was seated, and the whole party then proceeded down the western declivity of the mountains, into a valley through which flowed one of the head waters of the Delaware. After a course of about five miles down the stream, the guide stopped near a hut which had been built by hunters, and while Wilson assisted his wife from her horse, the Indian pushed aside a blanket that formed the door, and bade them enter.—They did so and found themselves in the presence of Lilliard. Near a fire at one end of the hut, a number of savages frightfully painted, were lying—awake, as Wilson could see, though motionless as blocks of wood. While Annette threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Wilson, Lilliard spoke a few words to the guide in French, and then addressed Wilson: 'You know what I have done; you may call me cruel; but imagine yourself to have been wronged as I have been, and would your conduct have been different? I would have been the preserver of Wakonda, but the boon was rejected. They have destroyed my happiness, and now the crazy Lilliard as they called me shall have justice.'

With the fearlessness that formed part of his character, Wilson remonstrated with Lilliard on the impropriety of punishing so many for the fault of a few.—'None will be hurt that do not oppose my wishes,' said Lilliard; 'one victim only do I want, and that one I will have.'

Corey's life I might have taken this day, but merely dying is not enough for such a miscreant—he must taste the bitterness of death, drop by drop.’

Wilson now learned that when Corey fired Lilliard's house, he was overheard both by Marie and Annette, who opened the door and attempted to make their escape, but was seized by the wretch, and in spite of their struggles and entreaties, forced back into the house, and the door barred upon them.

It was nearly midnight, when a shout which made the woods echo was heard at a distance, and the Indians in the hut leaping upon their feet, answered by a cry equally loud and terrific. ‘Now they are come,’ said Lilliard; ‘and in whatever you may see or hear, take no part; remember you are safe.’ The words were scarcely uttered, when a tall chief decked with all the striking and showy images of Indian warfare, entered the door of the hut.

‘Have you brought him?’ asked Lilliard.

‘We have, and these,’ pointing to one or two fresh scalps which hung to his belt, and among which Wilson saw at once the red locks of Upson—‘will show that red men can avenge their friends.’

Mrs. Wilson and Annette, who had drawn George along with her notwithstanding his reluctance, had retired to a dark corner of the hut on the first entrance of the chief, who now inquired what was to be done with the prisoner.

‘Bring him hither,’ said Lilliard; and in a moment Corey, his arms bound with a thong of deerskin, and his appearance conveying every indication of guilt, stood before them.

‘Corey,’ said Lilliard, ‘you are guilty of a crime which nothing but blood can expiate; in half an hour, the death you inflicted on one who never injured you, you must suffer.’

Corey heard no more than that he was to die, when he threw himself on his knees, and in the most passionate language begged for life, for life only, no matter how wretched his existence might be, he could do and suffer every thing if he might but live. Lilliard was agitated, while the group of savages expressed in their countenances their contempt for the man who could thus distractedly cling to existence. ‘No, Corey,’ said Lilliard, collecting himself, ‘I would have done you nothing but kindness, but you have shut yourself without the pale of humanity; instead of begging for a worthless life, make your peace with God, your moments are numbered. Wolf-killer,’ continued he, ‘the prisoner is yours, lead him to execution.’

Corey glared his eyes wildly around as the Indians seized him, and in that terrible moment caught a glimpse of Wilson, who with averted eyes had been an unwilling listener to what had passed, and with a desperate effort breaking from the savages, threw himself at Wilson's feet, and begged of him to save him. Unintimidated by the ferocious glances of the

savages, Wilson attempted to interfere in his favour, but Lilliard bade him, if he loved his wife and child, to let justice have its course, and remain silent.—The horror-struck victim was now dragged away, uttering the most piercing cries for mercy. The place of execution had already been prepared, and Corey soon expiated his crime, amidst the taunts and reproaches of the savages. The whites in the hut avoided the sight of the tragedy, but his agonizing screams rang thro' their ears for months; and George, while he admitted that Corey was a very bad man, declared he would not forgive the Indians for putting him to so cruel a death.

‘I am going to the Onondaga country,’ said Lilliard to Wilson in the morning; ‘and it is perhaps necessary you should go with us. From that place you shall be conducted to any white settlement you may choose.’ In Wilson's situation, such an intimation was a law, and the party immediately commenced their journey through the wilderness.—During their march, Wilson learned some particulars of Lilliard's history, of which he had before been ignorant.

He was a young officer of rank in Canada, of honourable family, and had resided for some years among the six nations, as agent of the Canadian government. Visiting France a few years previous to the American Revolution, he married Marie Colbert, a young lady of great beauty and talent, and returning with his wife and child to Canada, ~~the cause of the provincials.~~ For this he was banished from the colony; and accident, with a wish to remain unnoticed, led him to Wakonda and kept him there. He had just completed his arrangements with the American Congress, by which the path of distinction and fame was opened to him, when the death of his wife by the malevolence of Corey, crushed at once all his hopes, and disgusted with the world, he hastily determined to return to his Indian acquaintances, and with his Annette, spend his life among them. On the day he left Wakonda, to his surprise he fell in with the Indians under Wolf-killer and Eagle, who after destroying some settlers at Cherry-valley, were on their way to the scene of other depredations. Unable wholly to divert them from their enterprise, he finally persuaded them to be content with the plunder of the settlement, while life was to be spared; Corey, and such as resisted excepted; their fate we have already seen.

Twenty years after the events already narrated, a middle-aged stranger was seen descending the hill which forms the western boundary of the Onondaga valley, often checking his horse to catch through the openings of the forest that clothed the declivity, glimpses of the wild and beautiful scenery around and below him. A few small buildings towards the eastern side of the valley, showed that the intrusive foot of the white man had broken in

upon the solitude of the savage, and that the plain spread before him, dotted with the orchards and meadows of the natives, was soon to pass into other hands. The waving line of Buttonwoods, Elms, and wild vines, which marked the course of the Onondaga Creek, was half veiled in a wreath of white mist, beneath which the waters of the stream slowly curled their eddies; and following the course of which two or three miles, he saw the blue smokes rising from the scattered cabins of what was once the most powerful nation of the Iroquois confederacy. The stranger wore on his hat, and arm, the usual badges of mourning, was strongly built, had piercing eyes, and sat on his horse with something of a martial air, an appearance corroborated by an épaulette on his shoulder. He soon reached the little inn, and after partaking of some broiled venison and a cup of tea, he joined a small company in the bar-room that were listening to the garrulousness of an old man, also a traveller. According to his own account he had been a faithful soldier of the King, wore a red coat through the war of the revolution; was then sent to Detroit; was at the defeat of St. Clair; and fought against Wayne on the Miami. Disliking the service of the King, he had when captured by Wayne, declined being exchanged, and now travelled from place to place, moistening his clay as often as opportunity offered, and where he found listeners, daily fighting his battle o'er again. His features bore marks of hard service, one of his eyes had been darkened, and his right hand had lost two fingers, left as a pledge with one of Wayne's troopers.

As the stranger took his seat, an Indian who had been smoking his pipe in the corner, went out, when the veteran exclaimed,—
'There goes a blood-thirsty Onondaga; I knew him well; there were lots of these copper-coloured dogs up the hollow yonder, at the Miami; but few of them came home again; I can tell you, they found mad Anthony was not St. Clair.'

'Did you serve in the Miami campaign?' inquired the stranger.

'To be sure I did, and in that of St. Clair too: was the answer; 'I was out with M'Kay the Indian superintendent from Detroit. He paid in hard dollars for scalps, and a pile of them it took, after the defeat of St. Clair.—Wolf-killer, the Onondaga, had seventeen scalps strung on a braid of female hair, and wore them as a trophy about his neck. But the old continentaller, Wayne, paid them back with interest. I remember the time well. The grass on the Maumee prairies was as high as my head, and had begun to dry. Three thousand Indians had collected to give battle to Wayne; the immense booty gained at the defeat of St. Clair, had called them in droves from the farthest recesses of the wilderness. M'Kay gave them a talk the day before the battle—showed them the bags of dollars to

pay for scalps—and concluded by ordering a liberal potation of rum to the painted dogs. Such a night was never before seen, and had I not been within the walls of the fort, my scalp would have trembled for its safety. The next morning intelligence arrived that Wayne might be expected in the course of the day, and the Indians, in high spirits set off to meet him. I, with other soldiers, dressed and painted in the Indian style, accompanied them. The ground selected for the battle, was in what is termed in that country, a wind-fall; or a place where all the timber for a mile in width had been blown down two or three years before, and the spaces between the fallen trees thickly set with small bushes and tall grass. Through this spot ran the Maumee river, and on its bank at a short distance from it, wound the road over which it was well known, Wayne would be compelled to advance. This spot was chosen as affording an excellent place for an ambuscade; and also because it was a spot where, in consequence of the fallen trees, the cavalry, which was a source of the greatest dread to the red skins, could not act. It was noon when the advance of Wayne's troops, amounting to about one hundred men appeared, driving before them a few straggling Indians sent out as a decoy. The Indians had particular directions not to fire, on any account whatever, until the main column should be fairly entangled in the defile, when the war hoop was to be given, and the scenes of St. Clair acted over again. Wayne however was not to be caught in such a trap: small detachments of cavalry scoured the country in every direction, and the advance guard, had the charge of beating up every inch of ground in front.—These had proceeded half way through the fallen timber, when a young warrior wishing to change his position for one more favourable, attempted to creep to a large log, behind which I, with fifty warriors was lying. He had nearly reached us gliding on his belly like a snake, when in passing over a small tree, his feather caught the eye of one of the pioneers. Quick as thought the rifle was brought to the shoulder, and before I had time to speak, the Indian leaped six feet into the air, uttered a horrid yell, and fell to the earth dead as a clod; the ball had passed through his heart. This single shot had the desired effect. Such a yell as mortal man never heard, was raised, and a thousand rifles were discharged at once. The advance was annihilated, but the main body were close upon their heels. They did not wait to fire but rushed upon the Indians with their bayonets. Desperate efforts were made to maintain every log, and root, but we were pursued so close, as scarcely to have time to load our rifles. A shot from Wayne's artillery thrown over his own troops, struck near me in a cluster of savages, and killed three or four, among whom was one of their most courageous chiefs. To add to their consternation, at this moment Wayne's cavalry

passed through the defile at full gallop, cutting to pieces whatever attempted to oppose them, and by this dexterous movement, gaining the open wood between us, and the fort, thus cutting off our retreat. A hot fire was still kept up, but Wayne's bayonets were rapidly gaining ground,—a strong column had turned the flank of our ambuscade, and thus completely cooped up, the Indians fought like tigers. As small parties were now driven from the cover of the fallen timber, and compelled to appear in the open wood and prairie, the broadsword of the cavalry found ample employment, and while the Indian war cry grew feeble, the loud hurrah which accompanied each charge of the victors, rose louder on the air. To say the truth, I felt ashamed of my company, but how to leave them was the question. The only way of escape for any, seemed to be to swim across the river, and even this was not without danger. The Maumee which was here straight, was about a hundred yards in width, and no sooner were the savages seen escaping that way, than two or three field pieces were planted on the bank, and swept the whole reach, with a rapid and destructive fire. I had followed the general current of the fugitives, and was standing in the grass on the bank of the river, cursing my disguise, and wishing myself well out of the scrape.

Never shall I forget the spectacle before me;—the river was full of naked savages, floundering through the water—some severely wounded and sinking, their painted backs and shaved heads, making a most laughable appearance—while the stream of grape from the field pieces, cut the surface into foam and glancing from the water rattled away through the leafy wood on the other side. Those who reached the shore clambered up the bank, and plunging into the woods were safe from pursuit; but many were the carcasses which that day were rolled down the stream and left to rot on its shallows. I stood for a moment to regain my breath, uncertain, whether to meet my fate where I was, or attempt to avoid it by swimming. The question was soon decided by a party of horse who galloped up in close chase of a herd of savages. 'Down with the copper heads!' shouted the young officer who led the party; as rising in his stirrups, he cleft to the navel a chief, who, with his tomahawk was endeavouring to avert the descending blow. At that instant a tomahawk aimed at him, struck his horse with such force as to penetrate the brain, and making a plunge forward he came to the ground. More than twenty Indians sprung upon him at once with dreadful cries, and while twenty knives were glancing in the air, and aimed at his heart, I received a blow from a sabre, which cut off two of my fingers, knocked me down, and left me senseless for some time.—But, landlord, this fighting is dry business; my throat requires wetting as much as when I began to come to a little, and collected my

scattered senses to hold a consultation for the purpose of deciding whether I was in the body or out;—'just fill me another glass;' added the veteran, as he caught his breath at the first convenient stopping place.

'You must have had a narrow escape,' said the stranger, who had listened with interest.

'You may well say that,' was the reply; 'but not so narrow as that of the young officer I spoke of.'

'Such battles are full of escapes, or none would be left to tell the fate of their comrades;' said the stranger.

'You are right again:—landlord, this is equal to the real Irish!—but that young fellow came within one of losing his life after the battle, in cold blood, by the cowardly Indians; I'll tell you all about it. When I came to my senses I found myself on some drift wood, which had prevented my falling into the river when I tumbled over the bank, and immediately set myself to consider what course it was best to take. If I went down the river I should fall in with Wayne's troops, and I had seen enough of them, and so I concluded to follow the Indians, and to swim the river. I did so, and as it began to grow dusk, I came up with the main body of the fugitives, encamped in a thick wood, nearly opposite the fort. I saw at once that some devilish deed was in agitation, for a tree had been stripped of bark and branches, and a pile of dry wood had been collected around it. I was told that a propitiatory sacrifice was to be offered to the Great Spirit, but who was to be victim, I could not tell. The countenances of the crowd of savages was gloomy and vindictive, but it relaxed a little when the shout that was raised, announced that the doomed wretch had arrived. I started when I saw it was the young officer that had dealt death among his foes, and whom I supposed had certainly fallen. His step was firm, and not a muscle quivered, and when he cast his eye around, and saw the preparations made, and knew his fate, his cheek paled not. I felt that he was a noble fellow, and though an enemy, determined if possible to save him. Wolf-killer and Eagle, the Onondaga chiefs, I knew could save him; but on enquiry, I found Wolf-killer was left dead on the field, and Eagle exerted his influence with the other chiefs and M'Kay, in vain.—'If any person save him, it is the red man's friend, who has this day arrived from Detroit,' said Eagle, and off he darted like an arrow to find him. I heard the cry which announced the sacrifice was bound, and hastened to the spot. The young man was fastened to the tree, and a band of young savages were amusing themselves in hurling their tomahawks, striking as near as possible without touching him. As hope deserted him, he seemed to forget what was passing, his thoughts were away, or he was preparing for the fate which was inevitable. Several times the keen instruments of death brushed his locks, but the firmness of

his nerves prevented the movement of a limb. The prophet or chief who directed the proceedings, now pointed out to M'Kay, that the moon had passed the meridian, and as it burst forth from behind a cloud, the moment was declared an auspicious one, a decision received with fiendish shouts, and preparations were immediately made for the sacrifice. At that critical moment the individual of whom Eagle was in search hurried along by the chief. To my surprise I saw that a female was leaning on his arm, and appeared to be using her influence in favour of the prisoner. He spoke to M'Kay, and an earnest conversation of a few moments, took place in French, in which M'Kay insisted on the sacrifice, and, appealing to the chiefs, the decision was in his favour; and the entreaties of the stranger were fruitless.

'I claim the right of adopting the captive for my son,' said Eagle, who began to fear the prisoner must die.

'The young man is not a captive to your tribe, your claim cannot be allowed;' said M'Kay.

Eagle knew the objection was well founded and reluctantly acquiesced.

'Father he must be saved; you must not permit his death;' said the young woman in an agitated voice, as she saw the blazing brand brought to light the flames.

The victim, who for some moments had not lifted his eyes, caught the earnest tones of the girl's sweet voice, and, as if he had been again recalled to life, lifted his head, and their eyes met. 'Blessed Virgin!' she exclaimed; 'it is he; it is George Wilson!' and before her father could comprehend her words, or actions, she had flown to him, and clasped him in her arms. The Indian who was waving the burning brand hesitated.

'Fire the pile if you will!' cried the beautiful girl; 'if he perishes, I perish with him!'

'Leave me, leave me, dear Annette;' said the young soldier; 'why should you perish too? I can teach these savages what fortitude is. Leave me, and God bless you.'

'George I will not leave you; you shall be saved, or I die with you,' said the beautiful creature.

Her father addressed a few words to the chiefs, but every one felt it was the lovely girl and her eloquence that saved him, when the prophet turning to the savages said—'The Great Spirit desires not the blood of this victim he is satisfied with the blood of pale men which you have already offered. He is free.' The father of the girl cut his bands; clasped him to his bosom, flung a heavy purse to the Wyandot chief whose prisoner he was; and with the heroic girl between them left the circle of savages.

As the old soldier closed his sketch of the Maumee campaign, the stranger who had risen from his seat, and during the latter part had exhibited much agitation, advanced to the old

man, and taking his hand, while he hastily dashed a tear from his own eye, said:—'You see before you the individual saved by that noble hearted and now sainted girl; and you will please to accept my hand as a proof that I am not ungrateful for the efforts you made at that critical time in my behalf. There is also one other individual to whom I owe a debt of gratitude of the same kind;—I understand that the chief, Eagle, is living, and my object in calling here was to pay him a visit.' 'Eagle was living this morning,' said the landlord, 'but was expected to survive but a few hours.' 'Then I have not a moment to lose;' replied Wilson, and taking a boy for a guide, immediately proceeded to the Indian settlement. As they passed along, Wilson perceived that many changes had taken place since the happy summer he spent there with the innocent Annette Lilliard, and his mind was full of these musings, when his guide stopped before the door of a hut, around which a large number of Indians had gathered. 'Does the chief Eagle reside here?'—he enquired.

'He does, but he is dying:' was the answer. 'Can I be permitted to see him?' continued Wilson.

The person to whom the question was addressed, opened the door, and stepping to where the chief lay on a bearskin, told him a white man wished to speak to him.

'Let him come in,' said the expiring chieftain; 'Eagle has ever been the friend of the white man.'

Wilson, stooping, entered the hut, and approached the chief, who raising his eyes, which still retained much of their former brightness, tho' the mists of death were floating over them, instantly recognized Wilson, and extended to him his emaciated hand, which was pressed to his bosom in silence.

'The Great Spirit has called Annette to himself,' said the chief in a hollow voice; 'and his messenger is now at the door. Eagle is willing to go; for the blood of the warrior only is on his hand, he is glad the white man is come to place his hand on the cold brow when the eyes are darkened forever.'

'Is there any thing I can do for you?' said Wilson, as he knelt by his side.

'Nothing but that you will assist in carrying me into the open air. I would see the clear sky, the bright sun, the blue hills, and hear the running waters once more.'

His request was instantly complied with, and, supported by Wilson, the chief cast his eyes for the last time on the glorious creation, over which he had long roved, proudly and free. A slight struggle came on, and Eagle knew his hour had come. 'Lay my rifle by my side;' said he in fainting accents; 'say the word of the red man never was broken, that Eagle was the firm friend of the whites. Their brave men I shall see in the Isles of the blest;—I go to join the hunters beyond the great waters.—Great chief of the Senecas, I

come!—invincible Oriska, I come!—Great Spirit, I come! I come!—his voice sunk to a whisper—his lips ceased to move—and the damps of death on his brow told that Eagle was no more.

One word may suffice to account for the appearance of Lilliard and Annette at Maumee. On leaving Onondaga, Lilliard, accompanied by his daughter, who refused to leave him, repaired to Detroit, where he lived retired, until called upon by the new Governor of Canada, to exert his well known influence with the Indians in favour of peace. He arrived on the Miami too late to prevent the terrible battle; but in season to preserve Wilson from its consequences, and thus secure the union of two, whose hearts had long been deeply attached, though widely separated from each other, by the fluctuating chances of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

PROOF THAT A MAN IS DEAD.

A subscriber to one of the eastern papers, a few years ago, being sadly in arrears for the same, promised the editor, that if his life was spared to a certain day, he would without fail discharge his bill. The day passed and the bill was not paid. The natural conclusion, therefore, was that the man was dead—absolutely defunct. Proceeding on this conclusion the editor, in his next paper, placed the name of the delinquent under his obituary head, with the attending circumstances of time and place. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor,—not with the pale ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions—but with a face as red as scarlet. Neither did it, like other apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence with—'What the —, sir, do you mean by publishing my death?' 'Why, sir, the same that I mean when I publish the death of any other person, viz. to let the world know that you were dead.' 'Well but I am not dead!' 'Not dead! then it's your own fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived till that time. The day is past, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead—for I will not believe you would forfeit your word—O no.' 'I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor—but say no more about it—here's the money. And, harkee, you wag, just contradict my death next week will you?' 'O certainly, sir, just to please you—though upon my word I can't help thinking you died at the time specified and that you have merely come back to pay this bill, on account of your friendship for me.'

Genius is a noble gift, powerful even in its aberrations. It can call forth forms of beauty and bid them disappear at a word. It can touch the secret springs of human feeling and

kindle the kindest passions of the human heart. It can shed interest over the dullest scenes, and clothe, in its own bright tints, all earthly objects. Perverted, abused, distorted, it is brilliant and touching still. It still speaks to the heart, still asserts its mastery over mankind; and sends forth its powerful influence even from the ruins of penury and distress.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1830.

Fire—On the morning of Wednesday the 31st ult. between the hours of 12 and 1 a fire broke out in Water-St.—it originated in the dwelling house of Mr. L. Thompson, which was entirely consumed, together with his cooper's shop, and a dwelling house adjoining, belonging to Mr. Doolittle, and occupied by Mr. McIntroy. We understand the furniture of Mr. Thompson, with his cooper's tools and some lumber was destroyed—The buildings were partially insured.

The next Volume.—To those who have kindly manifested their inclination to continue their friendly exertions in our behalf by requesting us to forward them our Prospectus for the ensuing volume, we tender our most sincere acknowledgements, and inform them that we shall comply with their request as speedily as possible, we think in the course of a few days; in the mean time we hope they will be using their influence in our favour, as we intend allowing to agents who obtain twenty or more subscribers, a more liberal compensation than we have hitherto been able to do.—The next volume will be embellished with 4 plates.

Persons wishing to subscribe for the 6th volume of the Repository, can be supplied with the previous numbers. We have now on hand and for sale, a few complete sets, including the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th volumes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Angeline Pelham,' by Mrs. Dodge, was received too late for this number, but shall appear in our next—the author is assured that any communication from her pen will always be welcome to our pages. To her question we gladly answer in the affirmative, and her proposal of becoming a regular contributor to our columns is gratefully received and acknowledged.

A communication from Williamsburgh, Ohio, is not forgotten but will be attended to soon.

'Autumnal Scenes,' by our correspondent Z. are laid by for the present, but will be carefully preserved until a more appropriate season.—A prose piece by the same author would have been published ere this, but the sheet was unfortunately torn in two for the convenience of setting the other pieces and a few of the last lines lost: if he will scribble them in a corner of his next letter, we will endeavour to be more careful in future.—We believe we have some 'Autumnal Reflections' by another hand, that have not been sufficiently examined, if good they will also be reserved for future publication.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. George Smith, to Miss Eunice Coffin, all of this city.

At Ghent, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. Burger, Mr. Simeon Pierce, to Miss Christina Tator. Also, on the 26th ult. Mr. Henry Lansing Groat, to Miss Sophia Tator. Also, on the 28th ult. Mr. John E. Adams, to Miss Catharine Deming, all of the above place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Elizer Best, aged 26. At Hartford, on the 19th ult. Deacon John Bolles, aged 78, an old and respectable inhabitant.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Written on seeing some children at play.

Why gaze ye on this brow of sorrow
Ye happy children free from care,
Perhaps ere life with you is wasted
Your hearts like mine will feel despair.

I once like you enjoyed contentment,
The sun of peace around me shone;
And if a sigh e'er heaved my bosom,
It was for sorrows not its own.

On pleasure's flowery bank I sported,
As gay as yonder opening rose;
And if I knew a tear 'twas pity's,
And only flowed for others' woes.

As cheerful as the lark that carols
At the earliest dawn of morn;
As free from care, as is the linnet,
That perches on the dewy thorn.

Ah! in those blissful, happy moments,
Sweet innocence and joy were mine;
How fondly did I dream, that never
Would life's fair sun refuse to shine.

But ah! behold the dreadful sequel!
The threatening clouds now veil my sky;
What bitter anguish heaves my bosom,
While the gathering storm is nigh!

Ah see! before me yawns destruction,
And sorrow presses close behind;
Oh! whither shall I fly for refuge?

Farewell forever peace of mind. **EVELINE.**

The following touching lines are from an interesting little volume entitled 'Heselrige, or the Death of Lady Wallace; with other Poems' by Mrs. H. M. Dodge, to whose liberality we are indebted for a copy of the work.

THE PLEDGE.

'Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still preserve my love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed;
Time tempers love, but not removes—
More hallowed when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?"

'Thou bitter pledge! oft do I gaze
On thee, with full and aching heart,
And then I think of happier days,
Ere love and hope were rent apart:
I think of one whose soul was bright
As heaven's own beauty, rich and free—
A sun, whose glowing beams of light
Were all that earth held out for me.

This breast is lonely! all around
Seems cold and dark and desolate,
And music's sweet and lulling sound
But wakes remembrance of my fate.
Hush then the song—its cheerful tone
Now cannot soothe as once it did;
For oh! that feeling, deep and lone,
Which breaks the heart, must still be hid.
Thou shining braid—thou sacred pledge
Of love that never could depart,

Oh, it is still my privilege
To press thee to this faithful heart.
The hand that formed and placed thee here
Lies low in dust—'tis nothing now;
And yet thou art to me more dear
Than when thou graced my loved one's brow.

FAREWELL TO WALES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The voice of thy streams in my spirit I hear,
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy halls, on thy hearths, on thy pure mountain air,
On the strings of the harp and the minstrel's free hand!
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
Whilst I leave thee, oh land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee! yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the waves of thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells
Of the bard and the warrior, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
Green land, poet land, of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat
Where'er a low hamlet smiles under thy skies;
For thy peasant hearths burning, the stranger to greet,
For the soul that looks forth from thy children's kind
eyes!

May the blessing, like sunshine, around thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Fashion.

PUZZLE II.—Outside.

NEW PUZZLES.

I. I am a character well known in England, and there are few either high or low, rich or poor, that are not acquainted with me; I shun cities and towns, and take up my abode towards the extremity of a village; I am a stranger to virtue and innocence, therefore with the fair sex I never appear; in respectable society I am never admitted, but in a gang of gypsies and beggars I am a principal character, and without me smuggling would be nothing. I never appear in the day time but in the middle of night, and late in the evening, and always in disguise. I am fond of gaming, and always end in cheating, stealing and plundering. It is the opinion of Burn and Blackstone that I should be put in jail, but I certainly was never there yet. From what I have said, you may suppose me some thief or pickpocket, but to prove that I am neither, I delight not in a crowd, and I no sooner appear before one than it is gone.

II.

Why is a blood horse like a waiter?

GARDEN SEEDS.

Just received and for sale at Ashbel Stoddard's Book-Store an assortment of Garden Seeds, of the growth of 1829, raised by one of the most experienced Gardeners in the United States, and of the best kinds now introduced in this County—they are warranted pure and unmixed, equal to any seeds now in market.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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☐ All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.